

THE  
HIND  
IN THE  
TOIL.

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# Hind in the Toil.

**H**EARD you not lately of a certain Beast,  
So rare a Creature, she was Heav'nly-blest,  
For she had all the Graces both of Body and Mind,  
That Poets could ascribe unto a *Hind*.

But other Stories, more renown'd, describe her,  
Stretching her long rapacious Paws from *Tiber*,  
To all the several Quarters of the Wind,  
With pondrous, Avarice ignorant Fools to grind;  
Mimicking God, in Monstrous shape of Devil,  
For Gain indulging highest Acts of Evil:  
Then as their Crimes are more renown'd, or lesser,  
Rating forgiveness to the low Transgressor.

These were the Crimes of *Hind*, that knew no Sin,  
Without all spotted ore, and Black within.  
Such Blots as these, when her Adorers spy'd,  
How is this Milk-white Creature, Chang'd! they cry'd.

Then looking back on Ages heretofore,  
 And Times with Times comparing, they found more;  
 How that the Primitive Church was Pure and White,  
 And spotless as the Rays of Morning Light:  
 How she abhorr'd the Harlotry Converse  
 Of Superstition, and Religious Fart.

Yet her Adorers would not change their Mind,  
 Such their Devotion was to *Mother Hind*;  
 But with an awful Reverence Her Delights  
 To, since the scandalous Blotches from her Coat;  
 To purge with Hyssop, her withinside sin,  
 And in *Damascus Waters* bathe her Leamous Skin.  
 But she was deaf to all their Prayers and Tears,  
 And thunder'd Excommunications in their Ears.  
 They, hearing thus the *Hind* begin to Roar,  
 To their own Princes fly, and Aid implore;

The Princes heard the Motives of their Indignation,  
 And from the *Hind* demanded Reformation.  
 She Wavers and evades, they persevere,  
 And to a Council their Demands refer.

But the gall'd *Hind* by no means could endure,  
 Upon her fester'd Back the Touch of Cure,  
 Until the Sovereign Eagles long delay'd,  
 Amazing Terrors o're her Head display'd.

Then aw'd by Power, and constrain'd by Fear,  
 She veils her Bonnet, and submits her Chair;  
 And mustering up a Ragged Regiment,  
 Of Colts and Cubs, she sends them all to *Trent*.

Better



Better sh' had kept at home her *Sodomite* Train,  
 Unless it were to let us Knowledge gain  
 How well their Mistress could the World trapan,  
 Tedious were the Disputes, and long th' Harangues  
 That nimble exercis'd their double Tongues:

*Reform*, was like a Ghost, that keeps his Hour  
 To terrifie the Guilty Murtherer;  
 Confess, they cry'd, and we surrender up at once  
 The Arms and Weapons of resolv'd defence.

Thus, strongly Arm'd, with ease did she repell  
 The daily Onsets of Assailing Zeal,  
 Baff'd the just Pretences of th' Upright,  
 And prov'd Victorious by refusing Fight.  
 But then it was, that they, who long ador'd  
 The Jilting *Hind*, her obstinate Pride deplor'd;  
 Pity'd her scorn of God and sacred Light;  
 Pity'd the People wandering in the Night,  
 By false and Blind and Ign'rant Guides misled,  
 Till to Perdition at the last betray'd.  
 Their Innocence assert by loud *Protest*,  
 And justly incens'd against the Treacherous Beast,  
 Abandon'd *Moloch's* Tents, and the Foul Sties  
 Of *Rome's* Pollutions and Impieties.  
 No more they offer'd up their labours price  
 To Ruthless *Mesbeck's* burning Avarice.  
 No more did Priestly Fraud their fond Belief delude,  
 With Sale of Heav'n, and bought Beatitude.  
*Berman* freedom was to all allow'd,  
 To search the Heav'nly Springs, for Heav'nly good. Then

Then from th' *Hercynian* Woods the lawless Beast,  
 Th' Impostress *Hind*, with Horns and Hounds, was cha'd:  
 The Princes nor the People could endure  
 Within their Walls a Creature so impure;  
 Nor could her Son, the Bigott Emperor,  
 With all his waste of Innocent Blood restore,  
 The striving Harlot to her Pristin Power.

Next as Impolitick, as False and Cruel,  
 The *Caledonian* Plain she lost, her choicest Jewel;  
 The *Spanish* Mines that Cramm'd her yawning Treasure  
 With Massy summs of Gold, Pontifick Measure.  
 The *Caledonian* Lyon would not brook  
 Her ruffling with his Sovereign Power: He shook  
 His curling Main, and tost his Regal Head,  
 And in a moment, spoke her through his Kingdoms dead.

Then late Repentance delug'd both her Eyes,  
 That better could have brook'd the loss of Paradise.  
 But when her Tears were o're, enrag'd and Frantick,  
 She Mimick'd Passion to the Height of Antick;  
 She foam'd and fum'd, and summon'd to her aid  
 Her Catholic Son; commands him to invade,  
 And all his might by Sea and Land employ,  
 Or to recover, or the Plains destroy.  
 Then up she musters all her *Jesuit* Cruel,  
 To try what Villany refin'd could do;  
 Brisk Sons of *Loyola*, my darling Son,  
 At whose bare nod, th' Obedient Devils run.

For Murther these, for payson these design'd,  
 And some t'Embroile the Race of all Mankind;  
 Use your Infernal Interest, <sup>to</sup> perfwade, and force,  
 On *Ossa Pelion* heav'n; unhinge the Stars,  
 And underneath Heav'n's flaming Ruins bury  
 The *Caladonian* Graves, and Brat of *Henry*.  
 If all these Labours frustrate good intent,  
 Blow up at once both King and Parliament.  
 The *Jesuits* bow'd, but yet with Frowns dismiss;  
 Such is th'Impatience of an *Arch-bishop*;  
 She wou'd revenge the Heav'n, but speak and do;  
 And in a Night amazed Hosts subdue.  
 The *Jesuits* then besought the furious *Hind*,  
 To calm the Tempests of her raging Mind;  
 Assur'd their utmost, and to sell to work.  
 Late as the Screech Owl, early as the Lark,  
 They toy'd and moy'd, still moving every stone,  
 To *Chaos* all the Peace of *Caladon*.  
*Russian Assassination*, a grim Devil,  
 With Grisly Beard, besmeard with *Strygian* Drive,  
 Headed a curst Forlorn of Impious Slaves,  
 Whom *Satan*'s self with promis'd Heav'n deceives.  
 Such is the Bigotry of Popish Zeal,  
 To dream obtaining Heav'n by acting Hell;  
 Thus by their Leader rul'd, they lurk to strow  
 Contagious Payson, or to give the Fatal Blow.  
 Mean while the Impious *Hind* with open rage,  
 Plays an Infernal Part upon the Stage;

About the World her brutish Thunder flies,  
 Emboldning Slaughter to the proffer'd Prize;  
 Nations are doom'd to seizure, and the Thrones  
 Of Sovereign Monarchs giv'n as forfeit Boons,  
 To Impious Zeal, and Pious Irreligion.  
 'Twas thought impossible to 'scape Designs for *Stygian*

But Providence, that with her Sacred Wings  
 Hovers Immortal o're the Thrones of Kings;  
 Their lewd Contrivances and Plots displaid,  
 In Horrors dark Abyffes deeply lay'd;  
 Projects refin'd, and Limbeckt Villany,  
 Which only the All-seeing glance of Heav'n could spy:  
 But Heav'n is just, nor can th' Aspiring Reach  
 Of Humane Cunning, spun to th' utmost stretch,  
 Prevent Supream Detection; nor provide  
 Concealments dark enough from Heav'n to hide.  
 For there are those Cold Fits of Dreads and Fears,  
 While Human wild Inhuman over-bears,  
 Those qualms that Ruffian Violence protract,  
 And stagger Resolution in the Act,  
 Till some strange Accident bring all to light,  
 And scatters Treason into shameless flight.

Such were those Hellish Crues, that often Vow'd  
 To quench the *Hind's* wile thirst with Royal Blood,  
 Till all their foul Conspiracies display'd,  
 They with their Lives the price of Treason pay'd.

The bold attempts of these Internal Broods  
 Alarm'd all the *Caledonian* Woods,  
 Their

Their Altars and their Hearths they found in danger,  
 And no less anxious for their Sovereign Ranger,  
 They all with one Consent agreed to chase  
 The treacherous *Hind*, with all her Devil-Race  
 Exil'd for ever, from their Fertile Plains.  
 And to prevent her fly return, all wary means  
 Were prudently Employ'd, for they knew well  
 The Torments her departure made her feel;  
 Such as chill Demons vex, by Conjurasion  
 Forc'd from the warm abodes of Humane Habitation;  
 Or like the Pangs, when Youth and Nature strive  
 To vanquish Death, and keep the gasping Lungs alive.  
 Then to secure their Forrest Rights, with Mounds  
 And Moats they fence their Forrest Bounds,  
 Make rigid Laws, with Penalties severe,  
 And order Execution to attend with care.  
 For over Fences slight or low they knew  
 The nimble *Hind* wou'd bound, or else her *Swinish* Crew  
 Wou'd with their Snouts root up a passage through.

Thus was the *Hind*, that Milk-White Flebbergibit,  
 From *Caledonian* Woods constrain'd to trip it:  
 And all her Monarch undermining Roin,  
 For Pasture fled to Regions far remote.  
 Assur'dly then the *Caledonians* thought  
 To have enjoy'd a quiet calm at Home,  
 By Sovereign care secur'd from Tricks of *Rome*,  
 While the Reforming Power protected from her jaws,  
 Under the shady Covert of the Laws,



Made serious haste to cleanse and purifie  
 The *Angcan* Stables of loose Popery.  
 But active Mischief, still so sure it is,  
 That Vertue yields in Industry to Vice,  
 Laborious Mischief with continu'd Toil,  
 Would not forbear the Peace of *Albion* to turmoil:  
 Those Caitifs still their wonted Ploes pursu'd.  
 But which way now must they the Laws delude?  
 In different disguise and various shapes,  
 (Then you might see the Laureat's Bears and Apes)  
 They back return'd, and piously transform'd,  
 With easie Combats, easie Sconces storm'd.  
 'Twas not for them to see the *British* Church,  
 So bright in Glory and united March;  
 The Church is not Reform'd enough, they cry'd,  
 Conscience is tender, and all Forms forbid.  
 If you'll reform, reform; reform by halves  
 Pulls only th' Altars down, but leaves the Calves.  
 These stories took with fond and idle Brains;  
 Hence that Productive Genus, *Paritans*,  
 Whose Species Locust-like, o'spread the Plains;  
 For Schisms from Zeal corrupted, all proceed,  
 As in hot Muck-hills various Vermin breed;  
 Thus Pride grown Pious, and Ambition Godly,  
 No wonder there ensu'd so strange a Medley;  
 For Men enamour'd of their own Conceits,  
 Admire surrounding throngs and crowded Seats,

And

And to dye Popular, we'll venture all,  
 To rear their Fictions of Dogmatick Zeal.  
*Romes Engines* all the while to undermine  
 The Church that gave them Nurture to Divine;  
 And what they nere foresee or understand,  
 Forging their own destruction under-hand.

The wise Reformers saw which way they bent,  
 And gave the Wanderers grave admonishment;  
 Told 'em their danger, and with cautious eyes,  
 Advis'd 'em to beware, forewarn'd surprize;  
 Nor to discharge themselves from that Communion  
 Which nothing could defile, but dire Disunion  
 Fatal to both; the only with'd for Train,  
 For *Babels Where* to blow up all again.

Words all in vain, that on the Water fell;  
 For Pride the worst Companion still of Zeal,  
 Disdain'd to truckle to the learned Chair;  
 For always they're most obstinate that Err,  
 To this the Jesuits add their subtle Flame,  
 And fire their Pates with high-flown thoughts of Fame.  
 Can you, the first Inventor of a Noble Sect,  
 That first th' Usurping Hierarchy check'd;  
 Whom Crowds of Hearers follow, you direct;  
 That first refin'd Religion to the Height,  
 Lay Classic Rule at Half-Reformers feet.

Sweet is the Poison of alluring Honour,  
 Which Men quaff off, their Lives foregoing sooner:



There needed no such Motives to a sort  
 Of Malecontents, resolv'd to keep their Port:  
 For Men that love to be accounted Great,  
 Admire the Flat'ers of their pregnant Wit.  
 And *Rome* so truly had their blind side hit,  
 That flattery had laid the flatter'd at her feet.  
 What car'd the Jesuits, tho' they roar'd and tore,  
 And call'd the *Hind* in passion *Babel's* Whore.  
 Their work was done, in having so far wrought,  
 That only Diamonds now did Diamonds cut;  
 Protesters sought Protesters bane, while they  
 Behind the Curtain laugh to see the pleasing fray,  
 And Breaches wide, beyond the close of Art,  
 Only Confusion waits to play her part.

But the Reformers, Guardians to the *Roe*,  
 That Creature well by Sacred Text we know,  
 (Whence some believe the Bard a thought too low,  
 When first the Cruel *Pant'her*, he design'd  
 For *Church of England*, to oppose his *Hind*;) }  
 Those *Spiritual Fathers*, by their Functions bound,  
 With Prowels undismay'd, maintain'd their ground.  
 Their Waspish Combatants they fairly summon,  
 Assail'd 'em too, with Arguments not common;  
 And after short dispute, and foul Mistakes refell'd,  
 At last by Sov'raign *Umpirage* prevail'd.  
 The *Roe* look'd lovely then, and from her Eyes  
 Darted an Orient Lustre through the Skies.

Clad

Clad with the Purple of Establish'd Law,  
 She fate Majestick, and Commanded awe.  
 No Upstart, as by leasing Poet branded,  
 But Primitive all o're, from Heav'n descended;  
 Only false *Rome* to cloud her Eldership,  
 Lull'd with her luscious Draughts the World asleep,  
 And then by Spurious Claim, and Arts impure,  
 Usurp'd her Sacred Primogeniture.

*Rome* hung her drooping head, a-while to see  
 The small Effects of frustrate Forgerie.  
 Has *Beelzebub* grown old, my pregnant Slaves  
 Forsook, she cry'd, that thus they work by haves  
 Where are those punie *Titans*, that pretend  
 To Combat Heav'n, and *Strygian* Hosts Command;  
 Yet have not power to garbel half a Nation,  
 When one poor *Phaeton* could fire the whole Creation.

Submissive Reverence, with an awful bow,  
 Brake Silence, and besought a calmer brow  
 From the Incensed *Hind*. Great Queen, he cries,  
 We are your Slaves, and *Magog* greatly wise.  
 The Glorious Seat of your Imperial Throne  
 Was not in one Day rear'd, the Work's begun;  
 The Poy's'nous Drench has not been swallow'd long,  
 It must have time to work, tho' ne're so strong.  
 Labour attends us, for we Combat Truth  
 And Reason, violent Oppositions both:  
 But may great *Magog* patience grant the Queen,  
 And nothing shall her Wishes intervene.

The Father of Lyes tells naked Truth sometimes,  
 When with his own his Servants Interest Chimes.  
 He'll ne're be false to his dear Sister *Hind*,  
 So long as in Iniquity with him Combin'd:  
 'Tis his main Glory to Contend with God;  
 Where Heav'n sows Wheat, he throws his Tares abroad,  
 And *Discord*, that all Ills of Hell encloses,  
 Cœlestial Union every where opposes.  
 Nor is Man less the Foe of his own peace,  
 Restless, to give the Devil the more ease:  
 In troubled Streams, and publick Conflagration;  
 Seeking the Fortune of a happy Station;  
 And Worshipping Confusion with a Zealous ardor,  
 Believing *Chaos* the first God of Order.

These Weaknesses in Men perversely Blind,  
 Were soon found out, and by the Devil design'd  
 For dextrous use, in favour of the *Hind*.  
 He enflam'd their Pride, and their Ambition spurr'd,  
 Heightned their Spiritual Mutinies, and stirr'd  
 New Scruples up, t'incense their tottering Zeal,  
 ( Ah! happy *Hind*, befriended so by Hell )  
 For *Lucifer* with so much fervour toy'd,  
 Encourag'd others, and himself turmoyle,  
 That e're the Sun had measur'd many years,  
 Confusion, Discord, Jealousies, and Fears,  
 And Sects un-numbered overspread the Plains  
 Like Locusts wasting all the Ploughman's pains.

This

This not remediless, but Hell proceeds;  
 Arms popular Rage, and hungry Faction feeds;  
 Till the fresh verdure of each Lawn and Wood  
 Was over-flown with Streams of Civil Blood.  
 Rebel Success ranvers'd both Church and Crown,  
 And all that goodly frame of Sacred Rites pull'd down;  
 A dazling Sight of Truth, and true Devotion,  
 Where Order Rul'd, and Govern'd every motion  
 And thus Triumphant Anarchy a while,  
 Her ravenous Hunger gorg'd upon the Common Spoil;  
 Rome through the Rents of War, profusely glad,  
 Beheld the Ravages Confusion made;  
 For well she knew, give Anarchy the power,  
 And she would soon her impotent self devour;  
 Firmly assur'd that she should then regain  
 The long-wail'd Losses of her Albion Reign:

The *Roe* retir'd, nor did she dare repine,  
 Heav'n's Judgments were too hiddenly sublime  
 For her to search the Cause of Heav'n's mysterious anger,  
 Yet Firm and Constant in the height of danger.  
 Howe'r she could not but lament her Fate,  
 The sad Effect of *Rome's* Immortal Hate.  
 Tho' had she sahn alone, she had not car'd,  
 With her the Sacred Ark, so much reveal'd;  
 The Sovereign Ranger her chief safety sell,  
 A long vow'd Sacrifice to Savage Zeal.

But Heav'n's Chastisements do not always prove  
 Consuming Judgments, but the Rods of Love.

The savage Monsters with success grow mad,  
 (For so the crafty *Hind* the Plot had laid)  
 And not content with equal share of Spoil,  
 Prey on each other, and themselves embroil.  
 The Victim Ark aloud for Vengeance cry'd,  
 And various Torments plagu'd their savage Pride.  
 Their *Dagon*, bold Sedition, fell surpriz'd,  
 And *Emrod* Discords all their strength diseas'd.  
 Till to amazing fears abandon'd o're,  
 Themselves the Ark were humbl'd to restore.

A Halycon Season then the *Roe* enjoy'd,  
 And Pristin order all things beautify'd;  
 So from the Chaos, formless and undeckt,  
 Commanded Grace obey'd the Sov'raign Architect;  
 And from an undigested heap of Mud,  
 All Heav'n and Earth in rang'd Decorum stood.  
 The Sov'raign Ranger too the *Roe* reveal'd,  
 And her fam'd Guardians to their Rights restor'd,  
 Advanc'd her next his Throne, and loudly checks  
 The loose disorder of encroaching Sects.  
 Who now to her are forced to resign  
 The supream Rule of holy Discipline.  
 Refin'd at length from Catholick Buffoon,  
 And sowre Grimaces of th' Irreverent Clown;  
 While Heav'n, as of the right way now address'd,  
 The happy Land with Peace and Plenty blest.

But the impatient *Hind* (the certain sign  
 Of rancour'd Whore, against the Sponse divine)

With



With livid Eyes, and Breast with Choler green,  
 Behold this Greatness of the *Roe-like Queen*;  
 A Mark no less, the Hind is that same Beast  
 Which most Interpret *Romish-Antichrist*;  
 For she is still the first that with lewd Heel  
 Assails the *Roe*, that meditates no ill.  
 Leave Her but Quiet undisturb'd at Home,  
 She envies not the Palaces of *Rome*.  
 The Scarlet Pomp of *Rome* she Eye-soars not,  
 Secure from false Conspiracy and Plot.  
 But *Rome* no equal brooks; like a *She-Cesar*,  
 Either Supream, or nothing else will please her.  
 Away scowres the enraged *Proserpine*  
 And to her *Pluto* thus began to whine.

Dear Enemy of God and Human Race  
 Joy of my Life, and Fountain of my Peace,  
 What suddain change has made thee so unkind  
 To slight the warm Embraces of thy Hind.  
 Canst thou with the neglect of Frozen Age  
 Behold these Tears both of my Grief and Rage,  
 And tamely suffer my condemn'd disgrace?  
 See where the *Roe* triumphant sits at ease,  
 Enlarges vast Controul, exiles my Priests,  
 While I am made the Scorn of all her wanton Feasts.  
 By all that's damn'd and curst, or swiftly seek  
 My just Repair, or see thy Spouse turn Heretic;

Renounce thy Nuptial Bed, and League with Heav'n,  
To low despair by wast'd Patience driv'n.

Magog ill-lik'd his Spoules Courtain-Lecture,  
Gave her sweet Words, and vow'd to play the Hector  
Forthwith he let's loose all his buse Crew,  
And Jesuits, summon'd, their black Arts renew.  
Ranlack Invention and with Hell conjoyn'd  
Leave nothing unattacqu'd to please the Hind.

At length a Plot Internal-deep was laid;  
By arm'd Domestic strength and Forraign Aid  
To kill and take Possession; the old Road  
Of Gyant Maslaker before the Flood  
By Nimrod in the second World renew'd.  
For pity 'tis, that Rome should want a Scripture Scene  
To warrant the Revenges of her Spleen.

Signal was Heaven's Deliv'rance then, once more  
To stifle Treason ready to devour.  
Heav'n so decreed; Contumacious Degeneration  
The Flaming Sword of Cherubim Protection  
Wav'd o're the Churches Head, and safe defended  
The Heav'nly Charge, by Heav'nly care attended.  
Timely Detection waken'd Sov'rain Awe  
To reinforce the Rigor of the Law,  
For the Design compriz'd the Sovereign Ranger,  
The Church and State and Prince in equal danger.

Already



Already th' easie-condescended Prey  
 Of Execration and *Anathema*.  
 He summon'd the Great Council of his Realm,  
 No less astonish'd to behold the Calm  
 So lovelily Serene but just before,  
 With such a suddain Tempest clouded ore.  
 But speed is now requir'd: They fall to work,  
 And sound the Bottom of Contrivance Dark.  
 VVhere deeply diving, Projects up they draw  
 Of cruelty, nere yet forbid by Law.  
 For there are certain Crimes, that Law forbore,  
 Or to restrain or punish heretofore;  
 Believing it could never enter Human Breast,  
 To act those Crimes which worst of Devils detest.  
 So sure it is, that here the *Jesuit* Zeal,  
 Outdid the Drowisie Politics of Hell.  
 VVith these Discoveries all inflam'd they rouse  
 Just Indignation, and with ardent Vows  
 Of deep Revenge, pursue th' Audacious Hind,  
 And all her slavish Crew with Hell combin'd,  
 They rear new Fences, and with vigilant Eye  
 Make good the Gaps of Time and Treachery.  
 But nothing more perplex'd th' Incroaching Beast,  
 Then that amazing *Shibboleth*, the TEST:  
 The means found out the bosom Serpent to detect,  
 To keep out those that would the Flock infect.

And separate th' Abettors of the Beast,  
 From dangerous Honours and preferment chace.  
 And surely strange were the Effects it wrought  
 As if some *Jason* by *Medea* taught  
 Had first prescrib'd the Sovereign Antidote.  
 For sooner will the Poy's'nous Animal,  
 Detested *Moly* swallow, root and all,  
 Or Serpents in *Dittander* Gardens rest,  
 Then Popish zeal abide the Medic'nal Test.

As when the fiery Barb, first made to feel  
 The violent controul of curbing Steel,  
 Champs, frets, and foams, and bounds, and flings in vain,  
 Forc'd with Impatience, to obey the Rein,  
 With no less fury *Rooms Leviathan* brook'd,  
 To have her Nostrils so severely hook'd.  
 She plung'd and flounc'd and spouted Mountain high  
 Her Hideous Wrath in Seas of Blasphemy.  
 Plots upon Plots were then found out, to vail  
 The grand Design, and bury Oats in Meal.  
 While Hireling Pens their Lamp and Oyl employ'd  
 To make supream Decrees, and public Justice void.  
 Nor could the *Roe* nor her fam'd Guardian's shun  
 Suspition's of *Disloyal* to the Throne.  
 But scanning Fraud could lay no Tarnish on,  
 Where sacred Innocence so brightly shon.  
 They stood secure, and guarded by the Law  
 Superior mov'd, and spread Commanding Awe.

While

While struggling Rome for Mast'ry thus contends,  
 A sov'reign Parley seeks to make both friends.  
 Intended Reconcilement is design'd,  
 And Royal Charity recalls the Hind;  
 Grants her free Pasturage o're all the Land,  
 And no less kindly, share of high Command;  
 With all forewarns Her not to harm the Roe,  
 But with behaviour sweet, and chearful brow  
 To Court her Love, and reconcil'd Embraces;  
 Nor to transcend the bounds of Royal Graces.  
 Lessons observ'd a while; for she was cold as yet,  
 Scarce having felt her fostering Bosoms heat;  
 'Twas early day; nor was she now to spell  
 The Gospel written by Saint Matchiavel.

Mildly she moves at first, and from her Lips  
 Sweet Honey flows and dew of Manna drips;  
 She coaxes all the Sects, the Boars and Bears;  
 But casts her Maiden favours on the Hares.  
 Of them with an observ'd Indulgence more then fond,  
 As they whom first Rome's labouring Chios spawn'd,  
 With Baits more luscious then She courts the Roe,  
 Promises Mountains, those Peruvian too;  
 All her enjoyments undisturb'd, content  
 To truckle only under her Assent;  
 Her Rights all safe, and Dignities secur'd  
 From all pretence of Claim, by Her abjur'd.

She's

She's neither for invading nor revenge  
 Pardon her former wrongs, and prove the blessed Change;  
 For so much Conscience as she dares to own,  
 (Little enough God knows) leave her alone,  
 She craves no farther: a Mass-House or two,  
 The rest was all conceded to the Roe.

VVith careless Meen, and cold Returns the Roe  
 This Courtship entertain'd; for well she knew  
 The little harm the feeble *Hind* could do,  
 She could not choose but a Projection sleight,  
 VVhere groundless Promises lookt only great,  
 But scan'd with Prudence vanish'd into VVind:  
 So little cause had she to fear the *Hind*.  
 VVildom would not allow a Breach of Trust,  
 To be deem'd rather complaisant then just;  
 Nor could such weakness vitiate human sence  
 For gilded words, and silver Complements,  
 To yield up self Defence, and unopprest  
 Surrender up the Hold of Sacred Interest.

The wily *Hind* rejected thus, repairs  
 To her new friends, the *Foxes*, *Bears*, and *Hares*,  
 And what command she has with them she shares,  
 Exalts the *Gippon* to pull down the *Gown*,  
 And seems to seize the *Reed*, ere she was like to drown  
 She thinks she has their hearts, as well as smiles.  
 And so assur'd, with all her wonted wiles

Like

Like *Lucifer*, ascends the Congregation Mount,  
 Commanding Law, regardless of Affront,  
 Rears in the Heart of *Populous* Reformation  
 The Altars of her Idol Adoration.  
 And to corrupt the Fountain Heads of Truth,  
 Sets up her Pageants in the Schools of Youth,  
 Invades their College Rights, while formal violence  
 Turns Learning out, to thrust in Ignorance;  
 And garbles Ancient Charters to prevent,  
 The scath of Suffrage free in Parliament.

And now, how soon success and pamper'd Rule,  
 Doth the unthoughtful Mind of Man befool!  
 So eager hot Revenge, and loose Controul,  
 That the Hill gain'd, forthwith they downward rowl,  
 Swell'd with success, the *Hind* was now possess'd,  
 That nothing could her prosperous rage resist;  
 No longer would she now the Lordly *Druids* brook,  
 But at the Root, her vows forgetting strook  
 Her wheedling Meekness turn'd Eccentric pride,  
 (So ill the *Lamb's* the *Fox's* skin could hide)  
 Erects *Despotic* Courts, and with a *Rain*  
 Suspends the far fam'd *Seer* of *Troy* *mant*  
 A *Seer*, whom Learning and a Noble Race,  
 From Ancient Progeny, had fitted for high Place;  
 Whole famplar Vertues and Devotion shon,  
 Too bright for *Bats* and *Owls* to gaze upon.

Only



Only he was no Tool to serve the Time,  
 When 'twas his Vertue to commit the Crime.

But Rome in hast and still importunate,  
 Must cut her Crop, while she has Sun and Heat:  
 Occasions lost we seldom meet again;  
 Nor did she know the Limits of her Raig.  
 Rather believing that Her time was short,  
 She swears to play the Devil, and prove her last Effort;  
 She had her pickl'd Minions laid in store,  
 The Nabothean Vineyards to devour;  
 The Druids envy'd Grandeur now must fall,  
 Condemn'd to Saws, and Gridir'ns without Funeral.

Less cruel Man, for Tygres, Wolves and Bears  
 And untam'd Lyons lays unheeded snares,  
 Then Man pursuing Man with Thirst of Blood,  
 To Man inhuman and of Pity void.  
 No Toyl or Snare, no Pit-fall, no disguise,  
 That escapes his watchful Study to surprize.  
 Thus the surmounting Hind to death pursues  
 The far fam'd Guardians that her Hests refuse.  
 She minds not Vows, the steams of airy Breath,  
 Success will justifie the Breach of Faith.  
 And then, like Sphynx, from whom she had the Draught,  
 Thrusts forth her horn'd Dilemma, Read or not:  
 The far-fam'd Guardians either way are recaught.  
 She knew they would not, durst not break the Laws,  
 Nor to contempt themselves or theirs expose.

Their

Their just Refusal the fierce *Hind* disdain,  
 And humbl'd at her feet the *Roe* restrain,  
 Seven in a Noble Cluster she commands,  
 To loath'd confinement and disgraceful Bends,  
 Did ever *Caledonian* Forrests dream  
 To see a change so odd and so extream  
 Such petty Meteors to Eclipse the Light,  
 Of Constellations so transcending Bright.  
 The People mourn'd and follow'd with their Eyes,  
 The lost *Ancelias* of their Liberties:  
 Thought nothing safe, Religion, nor their Laws,  
 When such Attempts were made upon their chieft Repose.

But nothing more the gazing World amaz'd  
 Then to behold the *Hind* with fury seiz'd,  
 And urging Treason to the *Guardians* Charge;  
 The most unlikely Crime her Malice ere could forge:  
 (As if that they who were so true to God,  
 'Gainst worst of Foes could harbour thoughts of Fraud.  
 No less a wonder to the mourning Land,  
 That the chief Heads of spiritual Command  
 Should at the Bar of their Protection stand,  
 For Crimes of most deformed Guilt arraign'd.  
 While Law is forc'd against the Law to act,  
 And Condemnation on her self contract.  
 How ere undaunted the fam'd Guardian stood,  
 Surrounded with kind wishes of the Crowd:



They argue Reason, and embolden Law,  
 That now, no longer subject to Impetuous awe,  
 Recovers Life, erects her drooping Head,  
 And quash'd belief of what the Judges said  
 Nor Heat nor Passion did the Jury blind,  
 For cure beholding to the faithless Hind  
 Plain as Noon day they saw their Patriots wrongs;  
 Pursu'd by malice and revolted Tongues,  
 Tongues dip't in Gall, but that their clamorous Talk  
 Was little heeded from the Lips that spoke,  
 Therefore, to do the Law and Justice Right,  
 The far-fam'd Guardians are declar'd acquit  
 And then it was that loudest shouts of Joy,  
 And solemn Acclamations fill'd the sky  
 All thanks to Heaven return, and all applaud  
 The Churches Pillars, and Belov'd of God,  
 Immortal Sev'n, to whom those wreaths are due  
 Which only are the Claims of Good and True  
 Plato, that magnify'd the Number Seven,  
 If now alive, had the true Reason given  
 A Number though to Scripture not unknown,  
 While the Sev'n Lamps in pious *Ash* shone,  
 The Soul of Order and the Bliss of Heaven,  
 Sweet Harmony, lyes all compriz'd in Sev'n.  
 And in *Arcturus*, Seven the number'd Stars,  
 That to their Ports convey the wandring Mariners.

A number now more nobly blazing forth,  
To number the most Sacred Seven on Earth.

Magnanimous *Hero's* for the *Spouse's* Right,  
That with undaunted Minds, and Bulwark might  
The Brunt of daring Papacy withstood;  
With Prudence joyning matchless Fortitude,  
No Papal Rage could shake their solid Minds,  
As firm as Rocks, no blustering Northern VVinds,  
Nor the more Potent Arm of thundering Jove,  
Their fix'd Resolvs and steady Souls could move,  
Long may they live, by stories undecad  
VVith fame Immortal, and with Honor grac'd,  
Though should forgetful Story fail, or Flame  
Melt down the Brazen Records of their Fame;  
Yet still the Church, that never dyes, would be  
Their Mausoleum to Eternity.

VVhere After Ages will this Motto read  
*The Woman's Seed that broke the Serpents Head.*

For like the Ocean in perpetual Rowl,  
As this or that way reels the warry Bowl,  
Into the Upland streams the Spring-tides roar,  
And then as soon forsake the Naked Shoar,  
With the same Whirls back return'd the Tyde,  
Of Bables Triumph, and commanding Pride,  
The bold Resistance which the *Guardians* made,  
Quail'd the *Fiend's* fury, and her rage dismay'd,

aid T

Her wrath like Rockets in their swift descent  
 Burst, and in Sparkles its vain fury spent ;  
 As from a Rock the Waves repuls'd recoyl  
 Enrag'd , and yet repining at the Foyl.  
 She screw'd too high the String of Rule at first,  
 The reason why the ore strain'd Cat-gut burst ;  
 And tugg'd against the stream with labouring Oar,  
 Confiding in the brawny strength of Power,  
 Or else by her own wily Brains beguil'd,  
 What she built up one day, the next she spoil'd.  
 Not minding in the midst of all her Tricks,  
 That such contrivance must be vain, that seeks  
 To found her Church on Sandy Politicks.  
 And that fond Human Wit but only rears,  
 For others to pull down about her Ears.

Such was the Fate that did attend the *Hind*,  
 So eager in her chase Men could not find  
 Which of the two her hasty zeal out drove,  
*Jehu* below, or *Phaeton* above.  
 She would be Arbitrary, Rule alone,  
 Exalt her self, and all the Rest pull down,  
 Break hollow'd Oaths, and slighting Sacred Awe,  
 Drive her Triumphant Chariot ore the Law.  
 Invade, Possess and revel in the Spoil ;  
 The ill-brook'd Rapines of a Lawless Vill.

This

This, on her Head curst *Asa's* Odium drew,  
 Pursu'd by all, while she does all pursue.  
 Nor would the *Caledonians* longer brook  
 Th' Oppressions of her Arbitrary Yoke.  
 Once more determin'd now, with Horns and Hounds  
 To chace the *Hind* from all their Forrests bounds.  
 Their dreading Neighbours joyn; for well they knew  
 That *Albions* loss would prove their ruin too.  
 And to the Field a numerous Cry they bring,  
 That make the Ecchoing Hills and Valleys ring.  
 No Toyls they needed, for the imprudent *Elfe*,  
 Those Snares had pitch'd her self to snare her self.  
 And now intangl'd in the stubborn Measles,  
 She feigns Repentance; and with tears beseeches  
 And pusillanimous in just distress,  
 As all Triumphers are when Fears oppress,  
 Offers to gage her skin for quick redress;  
 Restores Possession wrongfully obtain'd,  
 And Franchises sends back by Covin gain'd.  
 Recals to Duty the suspended Seer,  
 And poorly condescends to all advice of Fear.  
 But the wise *Caledonians*, taught to know,  
 The faithless *Hind* to be their only Foe;  
 That laid the Charge of all their past Affronts  
 On her alone, sole cause of their Complaints,  
 Gave little Ear to her they durst not trust,  
 But left her all besmear'd with Foam and Dust.

The

The Crafty Fox beheld the pleasing Sight,  
 And in a scoffing tone bid her, Goodnight;  
 The Woolf lookt on, and found his Teeth to water,  
 But wai'd her with a careless, Time enough hereafter.  
 The Hye upon his Tayl more gravely set,  
 Ask'd her how she came there, with so much Wet?  
 The moody Hare was neither sad nor merry,  
 But wisht her Champion P-- had been more wary:  
 He had some kindness for the Hind, but yet  
 He could not but suspect her for a Cheat;  
 Sh' had shewn him some dislike of Inward Light,  
 So, friend farewell, quo He I dare not fight,  
 But for the Bear, that knew her humor proud,  
 And nere believ'd she ow'd him any good,  
 Long may she stick where now she sticks he cry'd,

As all Triumphs are when Fears oppress,  
 . . . . .  
 Restores Possession wrongfully obtain'd,  
 And Franchises lands back by Covin gain'd.  
 Recalls to Duty the suspended Sway,  
 And poorly condescends to all advice of Fear;  
 But the wise Calumnians, taught to know,  
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